

BUTLER PICTURES TO BE SOLD

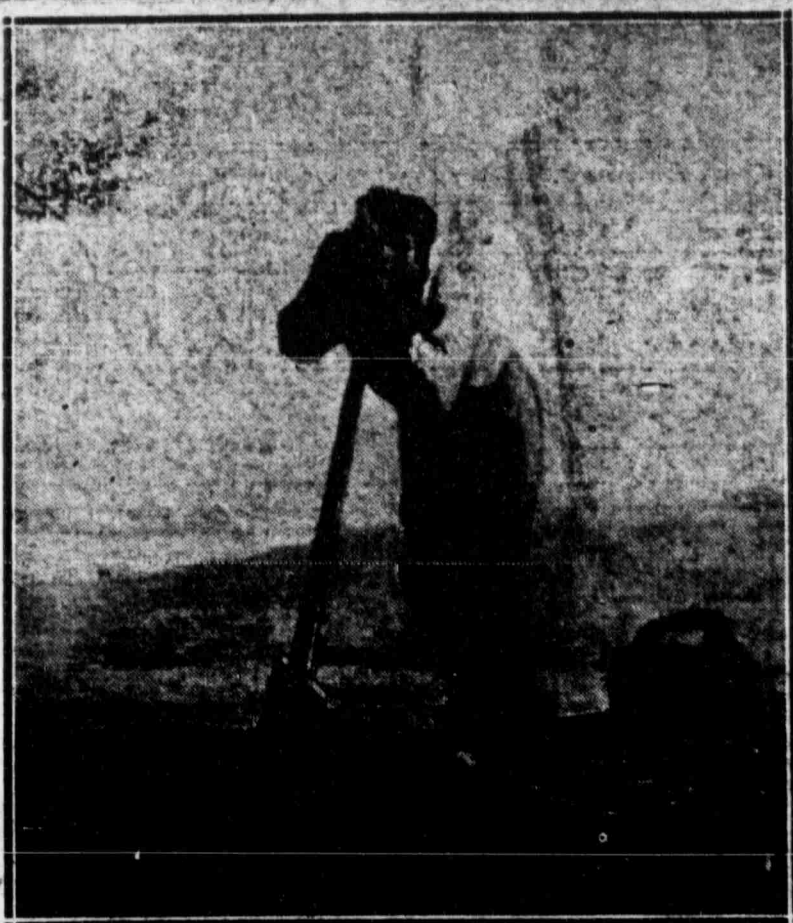
TWO MILLETS, A COROT AND TWO MEISSONNIERS.

More Than Seventy Canvases in the Collection Gathered by the Late Theron B. Butler—A Painting Owned by Dickens—Pictures That Tell Stories.

A very interesting collection of paintings brought together by a man once well known in New York is coming into the market early in the approaching season of art sales. It is the collection made by Theron B. Butler, who was for many years president of the Sixth avenue railway.

Mr. Butler died in 1884 and since that time the pictures have continued to hang in his home in Fifth avenue, just below the Union League Club. Mrs. Butler has recently moved to her country home at Port Chester, and to this circumstance is due the coming sale of the collection at auction. The paintings will be exhibited at the American Art Galleries. They number more than seventy.

Mr. Butler bought paintings purely for his own gratification and not with the idea of making a collection. He bought in the "70s and up to the time of his death, and the tastes of the day are reflected in the canvases—tastes which have come to be described as demands for "the human interest" in whatever is presented or represented. An astonishingly large number of pictures of sentimental eloquence are found in this collection, all the way from story telling vignettes to the deeper feelings of Millet.



LABORER RESTING. MILLET.

with pictures of animals, and of still life as represented in flowers, intermingled. The figure paintings predominate, but here and there are landscapes, among them a fine and unusual Rousseau, and a Corot that has achieved fame.

Mr. Butler travelled a good deal in Europe and many of the canvases were painted for him on order. One in the collection was painted for A. T. Stewart, but Mr. Stewart died before its completion and it fell into the hands of Mr. Butler.

There are two Millet's in the collection, "Laborer Resting" and "A Shepherdess." The "Laborer Resting" is a fine example, and judging from the interest taken in the last remarkable Millet sold here at auction is bound to arouse some attention.

The Corot, "Un Torrent dans les Romagnes," is from the Exposition at Ecole des Beaux-Arts, 1875, and is illustrated in "L'Œuvre de Corot," by Robaut. There are two excellent Meissonniers, "The Card Players," which is said to have cost \$20,000, and "The Vidette."

There are not less than four examples of Zamacois, "The Costumer's Shop," "A White Horse," "Court Jesters Playing Bowls" and "Stealing Apples," or "Nothing in My Hands, Nothing in My Pockets." The "Stealing Apples" was in this country when Charles Dickens made his first lecture tour here, and he liked it, bought it and took it home with him. Later when Mr. Butler was travelling in England it was again in the market and he purchased it. This canvas tells its story as thoroughly as could be desired and arouses no wonder that the story telling Dickens admired it.

For more highly elaborated eloquence you have but to turn to a larger canvas

of the collection, Firmin Girard's version of the Marchaux Fleurs in Paris and the painter's own explanation of his work. This canvas is 39½ by 57½ inches in dimensions, and with it Mr. Butler preserved a letter written by the painter to the New York dealer to whom he consigned the work. In this letter M. Firmin Girard says:

"I have just sent off my painting of the flower quay to your house in New York. I dare to hope that it will have in America the same success that it has had at the Paris Exposition, for you have without doubt followed in the papers the accounts given of paintings in the Salon this year (1879). No paper has forgotten to speak of it, and to mention the crowd which was stationed continually before my picture and it was not always easy to get near it."

"I have nevertheless collected, though the persons are of small size, a considerable number of figures, being also able to show on the picture an extended view, for the sight at this place of the Flower Market is one of the most interesting in Paris. On the left of the second plane is the Tribunal of Commerce, which looks upon the Seine and is a type of the very modern and elegant style of building. The Boulevard of the Court of Justice separates it from the Clock Tower, one of the beautiful remains of the architecture of the Middle Ages. It is said of this clock that it sounded the signal of the St. Bartholomew massacre under Charles IX."



ITALIAN GIRL. BONNAT.

The towers, which are back of it, are named the towers of the state prison (the Conciergerie) and have been used as a prison heretofore. In the time of the Revolution Marie Antoinette was there imprisoned. At the right of the picture by the frame is a part of the Chatelet Theatre, on the same line the wharf of the Maglens, a modern construction reaching to the Pont-Neuf, further along, and at the left the Colonnade of the Louvre, the galleries of the museum on the edge of the water, and at the extreme centre of the picture the pavilion of Flora of the Tuilleries.

"This is the panorama that I have chosen to represent, one of the sides of Parisian life in the open air, a life that has a decided taste for flowers, by the way. It was, then, a very interesting subject for an artist to treat from all points of view, offering to the spectator a variety of types forming the whole of the Parisian population."

"It will be unnecessary, I believe, to indicate to you more than the professions I state: group of citizens, children and nurses, group of Parisian workmen, porters pulling a hand cart containing a variety of flowers, flower merchants, assistant gardeners, a seller of coconut carrying a monumental fountain, persons walking, policemen afoot and a horseback, a hackney coach; far away on the bridge, carriages in motion and an omnibus. The white steam at the right of the

archaeologist and farmer."

Mr. Tytus was educated at St. Mark's school at Yale. He is a member of the Union, University and Yale clubs of New York. He thinks Tyngsboro is one of the best places to live in the world. How he came to pick out his place of permanent residence is interesting.

He shipped his riding horses out to Great Barrington as a starting out place for ride through the hills, and with Mrs. Tytus began his explorations. After a few days they came to Tyngsboro. Here at an old Revolutionary inn they rested. Burgoyne had slept in the room given to the young New Yorker. Lafayette had written at the desk in the hotel office. Everything was charged with reminiscence and history. Beyond them was pointed out the former abode of the Shakers, many acres of fertile land.

They rode out to see the place where "God's peculiar people" had lived. They liked it and set about to acquire it. In succession Mr. Tytus bought four farms, 1,500 acres, together with several farm buildings. He temporarily made into an abode, and sending for their belongings Mr. and Mrs. Tytus settled down among the hills. That was six years ago.

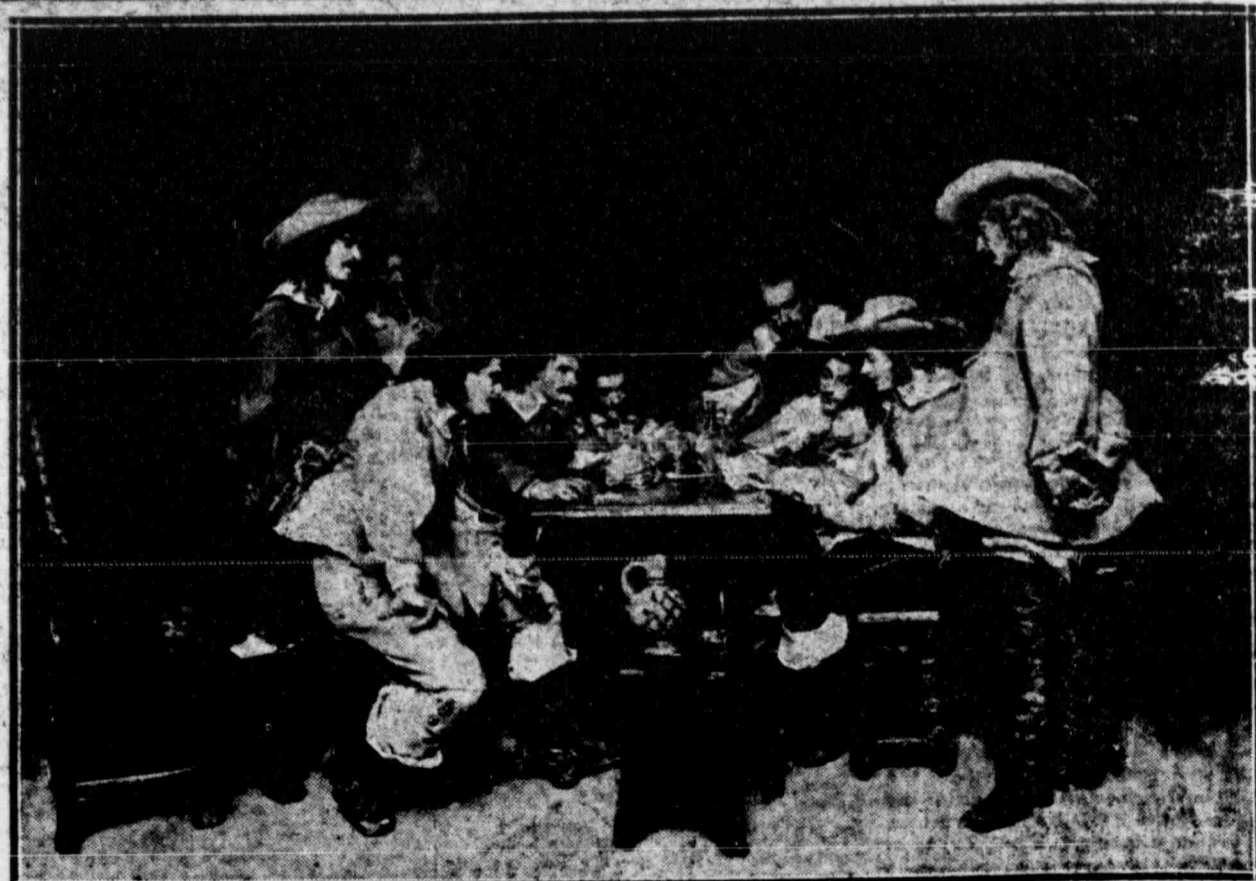
Representative Tytus works his farms in Tyngsboro and makes them pay. He raises the best sheep and catkins the town, makes the best maple sugar and takes big crops from his fields.

In travelling with his mother in the East Mr. Tytus engaged in drawing for magazines and did the work for American publications. He became interested in archaeology. He joined Percy E. Newbury, the English archaeologist, and for two years was with Mr. Newbury opening up tombs and making discoveries.

He later obtained from the Khedive of Egypt a concession to make explorations at Luxor. In the place he found that King Amenhotep had built eight bathrooms of cement, with tubs 12 feet long, 6 feet wide and 15 inches deep, for the exclusive use of the royal family.

The water arrangement was on the principle of the modern shower bath. The concrete construction was much the same as that to-day except that the walls were reinforced with interlaid reeds instead of modern steel rods.

He has many relics of Egypt. They are to be exhibited at his new villa, which will be completed next summer.



THE CARD PLAYERS. MEISSONNIER.

picture is from a boat which takes the place of an omnibus on the Seine.

"It is not for me to speak of the quality of the painting, since you will have the picture before you. It was destined for A. T. Stewart, who at the time of his last visit to Paris manifested in my studio the desire to have a picture from a similar programme. There is no care that has not been taken to bring such a picture to a good end. His death has come—

"I avow for the time and expense it has cost me, could not recover my loss as often as certain little pictures—which I make fluently. [Note: The ancient translator seems to have had difficulty here with the author's words if not his ideas.]

"Since the opening of the exposition in Paris the Princess Mathilde (Bonaparte—sister of Prince Jerome) asked me what the price of the picture was, but she replied that her means would not permit her to buy it at the price of 90,000 francs (\$18,000), which I asked for it. I have since had offers which I felt it my duty to refuse."

Whence we may see at once the modesty and the conscientiousness of the artist, not to say his naïveté—a naïveté not less eloquent than the painting which, even so, it insufficiently describes. A newspaper reproduction of this representation of "the whole of the Parisian population" could scarcely be adequate.

There is an important Troyon, "Pasture Grounds in Normandy," a large canvas picturing cattle, sheep, a broad sweep of landscape, trees, and a woman milking a white cow. The Rousseau is one of the luminous works of that painter, "Boquet d'Arbres," a canvas 18½ by 25 inches, which, aside from the grove, strays cattle and a woman's figure pictures a broad landscape with an atmosphere and feeling of tranquility and charm. There is also a rugged Schreyer, "Halt at a Russian Inn in Winter," a striking presentation of Venice by Ziem, and a figure of a graceful Italian girl by the

Paris official portrait painter, Boguet. Among other paintings in the collection are canvases by Diaz, Dupré, Van Marcke, Vivert, Bouguereau, Breton, Roos, Bonheur, Detaille, Gérôme, Knapp, Meyer von Bremen, Madras, Erskine Nicol, Rice, Verboeckhoven and Koekkoek.



STEALING APPLES. ZAMACOIS.

Also called "Nothing in My Hands; Nothing in My Pockets."



COURT JESTERS PLAYING BOWLS. ZAMACOIS.



UN TORRENT DANS LES ROMAGNES. COROT.

LENOX'S POLITICAL SURPRISE

REPRESENTATIVE TYTUS ELECTED FOR ANOTHER TERM.

Seventy Canvases in the Berkshire—Cigars for the Men, Boxes of Chocolate for the Women—Another Winston Churchill They Call Mr. Tytus.

Lenox, Mass., Nov. 7.—Lenox's political surprise, who captures votes of men by the excellence of his cigars and the support of the women with half pound boxes of chocolates, Rob de Feyster Tytus of Ashintully Farm, has just been re-elected a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives for the second time, having again upset calculations by walking off with the laurels of a district that had been carved out to be Republican and to stand without hitching.

Mr. Tytus is Democratic in politics and democratic in bearing. He is a gentleman farmer, Egyptian explorer, artist, illustrator and owner of a stable of thoroughbreds. He broke into politics last year and turned the plans of the Republican leaders upside down in the liveliest whirlwind, vote getting, cigar distributing campaign ever witnessed in the Berkshires.

Lenox, square jawed, blue eyed, sun tanned and about 34, Tytus leaped suddenly into the spotlight of politics in the Berkshire Hills in a manner that shat down all precedents in vote getting. Tytus early in the morning until late at night, he spent his time making a personal canvass of the voters in ten towns in his district. He travelled 1,000 miles in his automobile visiting farmers in their homes. He made no speeches except to his friends.

It was his cigars that helped most, as people say. In the tannery of his home he carried a supply. Then he

would drop into a country store to get a line on how the outlook was and would buy a box of "the best cigars you have" and smilingly put them up "for the boys when they drop in."

Down in South Lee, at the Pixley store, one of the old Berkshire landmarks, Tytus cigars were to be had, and the manager of the Republican candidate came along and left a box as a sett-off. When the crowd gathered in Pixley's store evenings Pixley produced the rival candidate's cigars.

"Here are the campaign cigars, fellows," he would say. "These five are Turner's and these ten are Tytus's. Which will you have?"

His campaign manager, a tall, raw boned Irish lawyer, Jim O'Brien of Lee & O'Brien, with Irish wit quoted the following lines from a popular novel as he campaigned:

O Manuel Garcia Alonso,
Colofredo, especially Henry Clay,
Invincible Reina Alphonso,
Cigarrette panatella a ray,
Victoria Reina selecta,
O twofold madura grande,
O conchas oscuro perfoctas,
You drive all my sorrows away.

He lost no time in getting down to work. Above everything else he wanted something done about the Berkshire trolley situation. His desire, his friends said, was that the Indians who had taken the trail against one Charles S. Mellen of the New Haven railroad should sit down and smoke the pipe of peace and consider how badly a section of southwestern Berkshire county was suffering because the New Haven railroad was not allowed to develop its trolley lines and nobody else wants them.

The young man with a mission in Berkshire trolleys landed in Boston to find that the steam railroad situation had the right of way. Did he sulk, quit the State House in disgust? By no means. Just by way of practice, apparently, he put over

a bill authorizing the Massachusetts Highway Commission to expend \$25,000 in the construction and improvement of a highway in the towns of Lee and Becket, and then resumed his quiet battle for the trolleys.

They began to whisper "millionaire" about Tytus long before he reached the State House, and there were those who threatened to kidnap him and give him second place on the Democratic State ticket. Folks said of him that he was another Winston Churchill. Representative Tytus knocked the props from under the plans of everybody by revealing plans of his own.

He showed to begin with that he didn't care enough for political preferment to take it at the price of independence of thought. He took issue squarely with the members of his party by voting against the general direct nomination bill. He was a glutton for legislative work and was as regular in attendance at the State House as if he were living on the \$750 salary and subject to loss of a day's pay for tardiness.

When he came up again for reelection the Republicans picked out a Lee farmer, an ex-Representative, a master of a grange and a selectman of Lee, to oppose him. Tytus took to automobiling again. His campaign novelty was the distribution of 400 boxes of chocolate drops among the women of the Lee mills, just a little gift to show his pleasure at the birth of another daughter at his Ashintully house," he said.

It worked. He won by a handsome majority. At the political harmony dinner that followed the campaign he was made to pass a platter of chocolates to successful and defeated candidates while the glee club sang the song "I Love the Republican Party, but Oh! You Chocolate Drop."

Mr. Tytus is a native of Asheville, N. C. After his marriage to Grace S. Henop of New York in 1903 they chose to spend their honeymoon riding in the Berkshires, discovered at Tyngsboro a place they liked, bought 1,500 acres, built a \$150,000 house and settled down to country life. He has done a lot to wake up the little town, where Grover Cleveland and Mark Twain used to while away summers and where Richard Watson Gilder has a country place. Mr. Tytus describes himself as an

archaeologist and farmer.

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IN TIBET'S BORDERLAND.

A Woman Chief—Cave Dwellings of a Forgotten Tribe.

LONDON, Nov. 3.—A fascinating story of adventure and discovery is foreshadowed in an interview given by C. H. Mears, who has returned from an expedition to the hitherto unknown borderland between China and Tibet. The explorers were C. H. Mears, W. M. Ferguson and J. A. Brooke. The murder of the last named by a tribe of savages at the end of the expedition, when the explorers had separated, has been known for some time. In talking of the expedition Mr. Mears said:

"The main object of the first part of our expedition was to visit the unknown region near the Chinese-Tibetan border, which had been touched on the outskirts by one missionary but which no one until our visit had succeeded in entering. It is inhabited by eighteen semi-independent tribes."

"We were so successful that we started on a second journey into the almost unknown land of the Lolos, our ultimate object being to get to Kima, a mysterious place which has long been the desired but unattained goal of explorers and which is of much interest to the Indian Government for political reasons. Kima is known to be approachable only through a dangerous and cannibal region."

"At the capital of the Runga tribe we found a huge castle perched on an almost inaccessible crag and governed by a woman chief. The lady refused to see us or to let us in, but we were provided with a house outside and remained for some time giving medical aid to the people."

"While there we paid a visit to a great monastery and distributed a number of mirrors to the children. This had the reverse of the desired effect, for the people declared we were trying to blind them."

"They urged us to leave, and as we declined they held a great ceremony, the

object of which was to curse us solemnly. This was an impressive function, at which many musicians were present, and which was largely choral. Of the exact nature of the curse we were ignorant, but that nothing happened to us at the conclusion seemed to astonish our friends."

"Their surprise was increased when they discovered that we were coolly smoking cigarettes and taking photographs of the dread ceremonial, but we thought it as well to move on."

"We next made our way southwest over a very high pass, where our people were all down with mountain sickness, and where we discovered some wonderful poppies with flowers eight inches in diameter, which we sent home to Kew."

"The valley of the Kerner was followed through a country of surpassing loveliness abounding in parrots and butterflies of every color. A magnificent pass was traversed and the carriers were prostrated with mountain sickness."

"In August the two sections of the expedition, starting at Mungun, the principal Chinese outpost. After this we reached Chentu and set out on our second trip among the unknown Lolos, an expedition that had so disastrous a termination."

"We first visited the sacred mountain of Omei Shan, a celebrated pilgrimage place for Buddhists from all parts of China and Tibet. Halfway up we saw a colossal bronze elephant supposed to have been brought all the way from India."

"Near here we thoroughly examined a number of remarkable cave dwellings, and found many interesting objects including figures of men and animals. None of these caves, of which there were an immense number, had been studied before, probably owing to the superstitious fear with which they are regarded. Even the guides who were with us would not venture near."

"We could find no traces of human remains, but the figures we discovered showed evidence of a very high and ancient civilization. No one of whom we inquired knew anything about the original dwellers but we formed the conclusion that the places had probably not been inhabited for a thousand years."

"None of the objects we found indicates any connection with a living race, but is many respects they were identical with

relics recovered from ancient Japanese burial places. Some of the figures were playing an instrument very like a modern Japanese zither, and many were attired in kimonos."

"The caves are of immense extent and often about eighty feet in depth. In nearly all of them were great stone coffins, some of which were opened and found to contain smaller coffins of earthenware."

"There were fireplaces in all these caves, and there was clear indication that they were intended to be habitations of the dead and the living at the same time."

"We next made for the Lolo frontier. The entire route was being raided by these wild people, but they did not touch us. The mountain ranges bounding both sides of the road were held by Lolos, whom the Chinese try to keep in check by erecting rows of blockhouses and holding numbers of them as hostages."

"When we reached Ningyanfu, the chief town, Brooke and I separated. He went off on a short side trip to secure some Lolo photographs, while I remained to do some necessary work."

"As he did not come back I became anxious, for disquieting rumors came regarding him. After long inquiries I ascertained the details of how he had been murdered by the Lolos, and eventually I succeeded in recovering his body and some of his effects."

Angora Hoods for Men.

From Men's Wear.

A new motor scarf for evening wear with full dress is being shown with success to the exclusive trade. This scarf is made of knitted white silk. Fifty-four inches long, with a one and a quarter inch black border, about two inches from the ends, together with an Angora hood, which entirely covers the head, leaving only the face exposed. There is also a call for Angora vests and jackets in gray, green and tan, shown at the more expensive shops.